



# THE MAINE FARMER: AN



R. EATON, Proprietor. B. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA: THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 10, 1849.

Elasticity, or Spring Temper of Metals.

The properties of metals are but just beginning to be known. This remark may startle some of the old workers in metals who conceive that they know all about them. They may indeed know all that in the present state of knowledge in regard to them, can be known. But with all their knowledge they will confess that there are many things in reference to the natures and properties of the several metals, whether in their simple states, or when alloyed with other metals, which they cannot explain but would like to know. An expert worker of iron once said to us, in reference to some operations in working it in various conditions, "There is a great mystery, sir, in iron." And then went on to state several things, the causes of which he could not explain. Your "mystery," we answered, is only another word for ignorance. Instead of there being a mystery in iron, there is ignorance in yourself. There are causes for all the appearances and changes you speak of under the operations you mention, but being ignorant of them, you consider them mysteries. They will one day be discovered, and then the mysteries will vanish.

There are many things yet to be discovered, not only in the natures of the several simple metals, but also in their state of combination with other metals. One characteristic, not much understood, is the nature and cause of elasticity of metals. Some metals can be made highly elastic by being tempered at a given degree of heat. Others, again, in a separate state, are perfectly non-elastic, when alloyed together become highly elastic—thus, fifteen parts of pure gold and one part of platinum, the platinum added when the gold is perfectly melted, combine intimately, and become remarkably elastic, although before their union they exhibit nothing of the kind.

We perceive that the latest emission of those neat mantel clocks so abundantly made in Connecticut, instead of weights, have a spiral spring like the main-spring of a watch, which moves the wheels, a week or more, without being wound oftener than that. These springs are made of some sort of alloy resembling brass. No doubt many other combinations of metals might be made that would exhibit similar properties, and which will form a cheap and ready mode of obtaining springs.

The combinations of the several metals might be made almost *ad infinitum*, and this branch of metallurgy affords a fine field to those who have the means and the time and desire to pursue it. Indeed, as we said in the beginning, the whole science, art and practice of metallurgy is in its infancy, although metals have been wrought ever since the days of Tubal Cain. The different societies for encouraging scientific researches, and even government itself, ought to promote in every prudent way these researches.

## This is True?

It is stated that a foreign vessel of less than thirty tons burthen is not allowed to enter the ports of the United States. We are not acquainted with maritime law, either general or special, and if there be such a law in the United States, we are at a loss to see any good reason why it should have been passed, or why it is continued. Will some of our readers who understand the matter, enlighten us on the subject? Connected with this question is a circumstance which we see related in a New York paper, which states that a Spanish captain and four men made a voyage from Cadiz to Havana, in a small vessel of ten tons only, with a load of leeches. On their voyage they were compelled by stress of weather to put into Goree, a port in Africa, where they were very kindly treated by the negroes, and, after refitting, went on their way, and arrived safely at Havana. On their return they were overtaken by a storm, and forced to put into Key West, one of our United States ports, the collector of which seized and confined her, because she was *big enough to fulfil the law*. Being less than thirty tons, she had no right to enter one of our ports. Now, if all this be true, there are two things, as we look upon the matter, very wrong. In the first place, it is wrong to have such a law. We can see no good reason why a foreigner who comes to us in a vessel of thirty tons burthen, should be permitted to enter our ports, while his neighbor, equally upright and honest, who comes to us in a vessel of twenty-nine and a half tons, should be debarred from entering at all. Again, if it all be true, the collector of the port, who confiscated the vessel which put into port from a storm, may be introduced into one end of a trough. As the iron runs in, one end of the mould is depressed a little, and the mould immediately begins to revolve quickly upon its axis. By this time the metal is all introduced, the mould is brought to its true position and the revolution continues. This revolving causes the centrifugal force to distribute the metal with uniformity to the circumference. The bore or vacany depends upon the amount of metal introduced, and the tube is thus made of any degree of thickness. As soon as it cools, the pipe is separated from the mould, the cast metal contracting sufficient to prevent any adhesion. By having a series of moulds, all made to receive a certain quantity of metal and to revolve with equal speed, any number of pipes might be cast in a short time, thus making a great saving, not only in the time and expense of moulding, but also in casting. We do not see why this principle may not be applied to casting bombs, or any spherical bodies, and also used in casting a great many other things of other metals, where a cavity is required.

**Cast-iron Stores.** The editor of the Boston Bee, writing from New-York, says:—"A block of cast-iron stores, commenced about the 25th of February last, were thrown open yesterday, complete, for the inspection of the public. The building forms five stories, each of which is 20 feet front and 50 feet deep. Four of the stores front on Washington and one on Murray street, and all are four stories high. Each story is supported by rows of fluted pilasters, the courses between which are compactly bolted, and the seams of panels completely covered and concealed from the view by an ornamental cornice. Thus the walls are in fact one solid iron block, weighing one hundred and seventy-five pounds. It is the largest one taken here for twenty years. It was purchased by Mr. Robinson, of the Augusta House, at twenty-five cents per pound."

**VIRGINIA ELECTION.** According to the Richmond Enquirer the election of members to Congress from that State results in the choice of 12 Democrats and one Whig—being a gain of five Democrats. Some of the papers dispute this statement. Facts will be known soon.

**APPOINTMENTS.** The following appointments for this State were made on the 3d: Collectors of Customs—Daniel Kilby, Passamaquoddy; Chas. Peters, Frenchman's Bay; Bushrod W. Hinckley, Piscataqua; William C. Hammett, Bangor; Jeremiah Bailey, Wiscasset; Benjamin Randal, Bath. Surveyors—Joseph Gunnison, Eastport; B. O. L. Cushman, Portland.

**HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE** for May is received. It contains its usual quantity of "new, useful and interesting matter," as the almanac man would say. For sale at Gaubert's bookstor.

# AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



R. EATON, Proprietor. B. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA: THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 10, 1849.

New-York State Agricultural Society—1849.

We have accounts from Montreal by Telegraph up to May 5, 6 o'clock, P. M., at which time everything was represented as being quiet. There were no apprehensions of any further riotous proceedings taking place immediately. By a majority of one vote the debate on the matter of the late riots was postponed for a fortnight, in order to get a full House.

The petitions for a recall of the Governor, Lord Elgin, have been numerously signed, and it is thought that a request to this effect will pass the present session.

**Elasticity, or Spring Temper of Metals.**

The properties of metals are but just beginning to be known. This remark may startle some of the old workers in metals who conceive that they know all about them. They may indeed know all that in the present state of knowledge in regard to them, can be known. But with all their knowledge they will confess that there are many things in reference to the natures and properties of the several metals, whether in their simple states, or when alloyed with other metals, which they cannot explain but would like to know. An expert worker of iron once said to us, in reference to some operations in working it in various conditions, "There is a great mystery, sir, in iron." And then went on to state several things, the causes of which he could not explain. Your "mystery," we answered, is only another word for ignorance. Instead of there being a mystery in iron, there is ignorance in yourself. There are causes for all the appearances and changes you speak of under the operations you mention, but being ignorant of them, you consider them mysteries. They will one day be discovered, and then the mysteries will vanish.

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**Rebellion Recorded and Loyalty Insulted by the Sovereign.**—It is with the deepest regret that we find that the loyalists of Canada, the crowning act of injustice, and ingratitude, with which all their truth and devotion to the cause of their Sovereign has, at length, been repaid. Yesterday, His Excellency the Governor General, in the name of his Mistress the Queen, gave his assent to that revolutionary measure, unprecedented in the history of civilized nations, by which the victorious defenders of the Throne are to be taxed to pay the losses of defeated rebels. This indemnity bill has brought about the present state of affairs, and an entire change in the position of the respective parties. The rebels are now doing enough for the encouragement of agriculture, and for the dissemination of agricultural knowledge!

**Three premiums offered by the New-York State Society for farms, \$50, \$30 and \$20.**

Those on cheese dairies the same, showing the great importance of this branch of business in the estimation of the Society. The same premiums are offered on butter. Premiums of \$30, \$20, and \$10 are offered for experiments in drawing lard. Premiums for Essays and Reports premiums are offered as follows:

"The Society desires of encouraging inquiries and investigations connected with the science of Agriculture, and being aware of how little is known with regard to some of the fundamental principles of Agriculture, solicits essays or articles on the following subjects.

"The subject will be continued for more than one year, unless in 1849, papers are received which may be considered satisfactory."

**Influence of Soil on Vegetation.**

1. For an essay or memoir describing, on scientific principles, what is the best admixture of the ordinary elements of soil, for promoting the germination and growth of particular kinds of vegetables.

2. For an essay or memoir describing, on scientific principles, the mode in which gypsum operates in rendering the soil better adapted for the germination and growth of particular vegetables, as well as to the soils to which it best adapted.

Silver cup, value \$25.

3. For an essay or memoir describing, on the nature of the atmospheric influences on soil in promoting its fertility, including the mode of those influences arising from the cold, dry, wet, or moist seasons.

Silver cup, value \$25.

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From Sartain's Union Magazine.  
RESIGNATION.  
BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
There is no beside, house or defended,  
But has one vacant chasm!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel for her children crying  
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these several afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,

But oftentimes celestial bounties  
Assume this dark chapter.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;  
Amid them earthly charms

What seem to us but vain, feeble vapors  
May be heaven's divine leaps.

There is no death? what seems so in transition;

This life is mortal breath,  
It is but a shadow of the life to come,

Whose portal we call Death.

She is not death—the child of our affection—  
But goes unto that school,

Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself cloth robes.

That great chosen One's stillness and repose,  
By guardian angel sent,

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,

She lives, when we shall die.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air;

Year after year, her tender steps passing,  
Behold her going down fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,

Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lies.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
For when with raptures wild

In our embraces we again find her,

She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,

Clothed with celestial grace;

And beautiful with all the soul's expansion

Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,

The swelling heart beats moaning like the ocean,

That cannot be at rest;

Will be patient and assuage the feeling  
We cannot wholly stow;

By silence sanctifying, not concealing

The grief that must have way.

## The Story-Celler.

From the American Metropolitan Magazine.

## THE JURYMAN.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Peter Barker belonged to that numerous class, who are neither better nor worse than other men. Left an orphan in his infancy, the paths of life were rough and lonely at the outset. He had a violent temper and a good heart. The first was often roused into activity, and punished with energy kindred to its own; the last remained almost undeveloped, for want of genial circumstances and reciprocated affection. One softening gleam fell upon his early path, and he loved it like the sun, without comprehending the great law of attraction that made it so very pleasant. When he attended school in the winter months, he always walked home with a little girl named Mary Williams. On the play-ground he was with her, always ready to do battle with anybody who disengaged her. Their comrades laughed, and called him Mary's beau; and they blushed and felt awkward, though they had no idea what courting meant. Things had arrived at this state of half-revealed consciousness, he being fourteen years old and Mary twelve, when her friends removed to the West, and the warm, bright influence passed out of his life. He never rightly knew whether he was in love with Mary, but years afterward, when people talked to him about marriage, he thought of her, wondering where she was, and whether she remembered him. When he drove his cows home from pasture, the black-berry bushes on the way brought up visions of his favorite school-mate, with her clean cap-bonnet thrown back, her glossy brown hair playing with the winds, and her innocent face smiling upon him with friendly greeting. "She was the best and prettiest child I ever saw," he often said to himself. "I wonder whether she would be as pleasant now?" Sometimes he thought of going to the West and seeking her out. But he knew not where to find her; his funds were small, and his courage fell at the thought—"Oh, it is many years ago since we were children together. Perhaps I should find her married." Gradually this one ray of poetry faded out of his soul, and all his thoughts fell into the common prosaic mould. His lot was cast with rough people, who required much work, and gave little sympathy. The image of his little mate floated farther and farther away, and more and more seldom her clear blue eyes spied upon him through the rain-scarred windows, or from the air-castles of the future. In process of time he married, after the same fashion that a large proportion of men there was a woman of good character in the neighborhood willing to marry whoever first offered her a respectable home. Her character bore stamp of harmless meekness. She was industrious and patient, but ignorant, dull, and quickly oblique. The neighbors said she was well suited to him, he was so rough and passionate; and in the main he thought so himself; though his imperious calmness sometimes fretted him as a rock chafes the lashing ocean into foam. The child that was born to them both loved their light, they sincerely strove to do their duty. His bodily wants were well supplied, often at the cost of great weariness and self-sacrifice; but their own rude training had given them few good ideas concerning the culture of an immortal soul. The infant died more for them than for him. Angelic influences, unseen and unheard amid the hard struggles of their outward life, became visible and audible through the unconscious innocence of their little one. For the second time in his life, a vision of beauty and love gleamed across the rugged path of that honest, laborious man. Vague impressions of beauty he had constantly received from the panoramas of the universe. His heart sometimes welcomed a bright flower in the sunshine, or a cluster of lilies on the stream; he marvelled at the splendor of the rainbow, and sometimes gazed reverently at the sun sinking to rest in his rich drapery of purple and gold. But these were glimpses of the Indians; their beauty did not seem to appear to him; it did not enter like a magic charm into the sphere of his own existence, as did the vision of Mary Williams and his own little Joe. The dominant tenderness there was in him leaped up at the smile of his babe, and every pressure of the hand made a dimple in the father's heart. Like the outbursts of spring, after a long cold winter, was the revelation of infancy to him. When he plodded home, after a hard day's work, it rested him body and soul to have the little one spring into his arms for a kiss, or come toddling along, tilting his little porringer of corn, in earnest to eat his supper on father's knee.

But though this new influence seemed to have taught me a good lesson, for I was never again intoxicated. Perhaps this poor youth might profit

an almost miraculous power over his nature, it could not quite subdue the power of temperament and habit. As the darling babe grew into boyishhood, he was sometimes cherished with indulgent fondness, and sometimes repelled by bursts of passion, that made him run and hide from the over indulgent father. Mr. Barker had himself been educated under the dispensation of punishment, rather than attraction, and he believed in it most firmly. If his son committed a fault, he thought of no other punishment than severity. If a neighbor did him an ill turn, he would observe in presence of the boy, "I will watch my chance to pay him for it." If the dog stole his dinner, when they were at work in the woods, he would say, "Run after him, Joe, and give the rascal a sound beating." When he saw the child fighting with some larger lad, who had beaten him, he would praise his strength and courage, and tell him never to put up with an insult. He was not aware that all these things were education, rather than anything he learned at school. He did not know it, because his thoughts had never been directed towards it. The only moral instruction he received was from the minister of the parish; and he usually preached about the hardheartedness of Jews two thousand years ago, rather than the virtues and vices of men and boys, who had no father.

Once he received an admonition from his neighbor Goodwin, which, being novel and unexpected, offended him. He was riding home with Joe, then a lad of thirteen, when the horse took flight at a piece of white paper, that the wind blew across the road. Mr. Barker was previously in an ill humor, because a sudden squall of rain had wet some fine hay, ready for the barn. Pursuing the system on which he had himself been educated, he sprang to the ground and cudgled the poor beast unmercifully. Mr. Goodwin, who was passing by, inquired the cause of such severity, and rebuked him. He turned quickly away, but the vision was before him, always and everywhere, before whom he went. "This is weakness," he said to himself. "I have merely done my duty. The law requires it. I have done my duty." But still the pale young face looked at him; always and everywhere it looked at him.

He feared to touch a newspaper, for he wished not to know when the day of execution would arrive. But oblivious neighbors, ignorant of his state of mind, were eager to talk upon the subject; and when drawn into such discourse, he strove to fortify his own feelings by dwelling on all the worst circumstances of the case. Notwithstanding all his efforts, the night preceding helped to make him strong. It was a bad lesson for him to learn that the condemned helped to make the gaunt young face was always conspicuous.

"You, dear father!" he exclaimed, "I do not understand what you mean."

Still keeping his face turned away, and speaking with effort, Mr. Barker said, "Do you remember once, when I was bearing my horse to an important interference with his rights. He was riding home with Joe, then a lad of thirteen, when the horse took flight at a piece of white paper, that the wind blew across the road. Mr. Barker was previously in an ill humor, because a sudden squall of rain had wet some fine hay, ready for the barn. Pursuing the system on which he had himself been educated, he sprang to the ground and cudgled the poor beast unmercifully. Mr. Goodwin, who was passing by, inquired the cause of such severity, and rebuked him. He turned quickly away, but the vision was before him, always and everywhere, before whom he went. "This is weakness," he said to himself. "I have merely done my duty. The law requires it. I have done my duty."

"You, dear father!" he exclaimed, "I do not understand what you mean."

He did not reflect in what a narrow circuit he was nailing up the sympathies of his child, by such words as those. But when he was rescued from the execution, he did not altogether please himself, and his inward uneasiness was suspended on the horse. The poor bewildered animal, covered with foam, and breathing short and hard, tried his utmost to do his master's will, as far as he could understand it. But nervous and terrified, constantly in expectation of the whip, he started at every sound. If he went too fast, he was reined in with a sudden jerk, that tore the corners of his mouth; if he went too slow, the crack of the whip made him tear over the ground, to be again restrained by the violent jerk.

The sun was setting, and threw a radiant glow upon every tree and little shrub, jeweled by a recent shower. Cows grazed peacefully in verdant hollows, birds sang, a little brook rippled cosily over rocks, and kissed the raindrops from their faces, hearts, because they had at the moment no familiar landscape to harmonize with nature. Perhaps the poor horse, than it would have done, had travelled along those pleasant paths guided by a wise and gentle-hand.

Had Joseph continued to be little Joe, his eager welcome and loving patrician might soon have tamed the evil spirit in his father's soul that night. But he was a tall lad, who had learned to better let him alone, if they knew what was good for themselves. He still loved his father better than his mother, and tell other boys they had for him. The troubled juryman rose hastily, walked to the window, looked out at the stars, and clearing his choked voice, said, "It is many years since I knew her. But she was a good tempered, pretty girl; and it seems to me that thus ought to be with human beings, because they had at the moment no familiar landscape to harmonize with nature. Perhaps the poor horse, than it would have done, had travelled along those pleasant paths guided by a wise and gentle-hand.

Joseph came in, and the details of the dreadful scene were repeated and dwelt upon, as human beings are prone to dwell upon all that excites human emotion. To him the name of Mary Williams conjured up no smiling visions of juvenile love; and he strove to fortify his father's retentive memory, by placing in a strong light all the arguments in favor of the prisoner's guilt. The juryman was glad to be thus fortified, and replied in a firm reassured voice, "At all events, I do not intend to kill him. I was wretched, and I never conceived the thought of taking his life."

"I know it, my son, I know it," he said; "the reflection consoles me in some degree. While I have a loaf of bread I will share it with the mother and sister of him you——" he hesitated, "you murdered."

"I was going to that of you," replied the prisoner, "and one thing more, dear father; try the sake of my poor patient mother."

"I will, I will," he answered; "and now my dear misguided boy, say you forgive your poor father, and yet even congratulatory hymns, as it were, of praise, have been extorted from the mouths of Aristotle, Pliny, Galen, and such devotion, should our hearts be affected with such a kinswoman, and our lips break forth into praise."

After his only strong link of life was broken by the violent arm of the law, Mr. Barker was a changed man; silent, and melancholy, and patient, and forgiving to all. He never complained, but the neighbors saw how thin and sad he looked, and the roughest natures felt compassion for him.

Every year, she who had been Mary Williams received a hundred dollar note. He never whined for any mortal that it was sent by the juryman who helped to condemn his son to death; but when he died, a legacy of a thousand dollars came to him.

Joseph was called a fine, promising young man, and his thoughts filled with all that excites human emotion; and the gratification of this propensity narrowed his sympathies more and more. Joseph had within him the unexampled germs of some sanguine temperament with his mother's obstinacy; and the education of such circumstances as I have wronged him, and his energies and feelings into what business is it to him?" he said.

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"I know it, my son, I know it," he said; "the reflection consoles me in some degree. While I have a loaf of bread I will share it with the mother and sister of him you——" he hesitated, "you murdered."

"I was going to that of you," replied the prisoner, "and one thing more, dear father; try the sake of my poor patient mother."

"I will, I will," he answered; "and now my dear misguided boy, say you forgive your poor father, and yet even congratulatory hymns, as it were, of praise, have been extorted from the mouths of Aristotle, Pliny, Galen, and such devotion, should our hearts be affected with such a kinswoman, and our lips break forth into praise."

"I should like to ask you a question," pursued the other.

"True for you, an' isn't that same jist what I expected all the way, till I cum forelast ye?"

"Listen, friend; for the question is a very important one. It is this: If the devil should be told he might have one of us, which would he first choose?"

"Why me, to be sure," responded Pat. "Ay; and why so?"

"He knows he could get either of you at any time. The club adjourned—sine die.

FORE-RUNNERS—"Do you believe in fore-runners?" asked a nervous old lady. Deacon Peter was her name.

"Yes, Ma'am," replied the Deacon, "I believe in fore-runners."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the Deacon, "I have a fore-runner."

"What is it?"

"It is a fore-runner."

"A fore-runner?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"What is it?"

"It is a fore-runner."

"What is it?"

"It is a fore